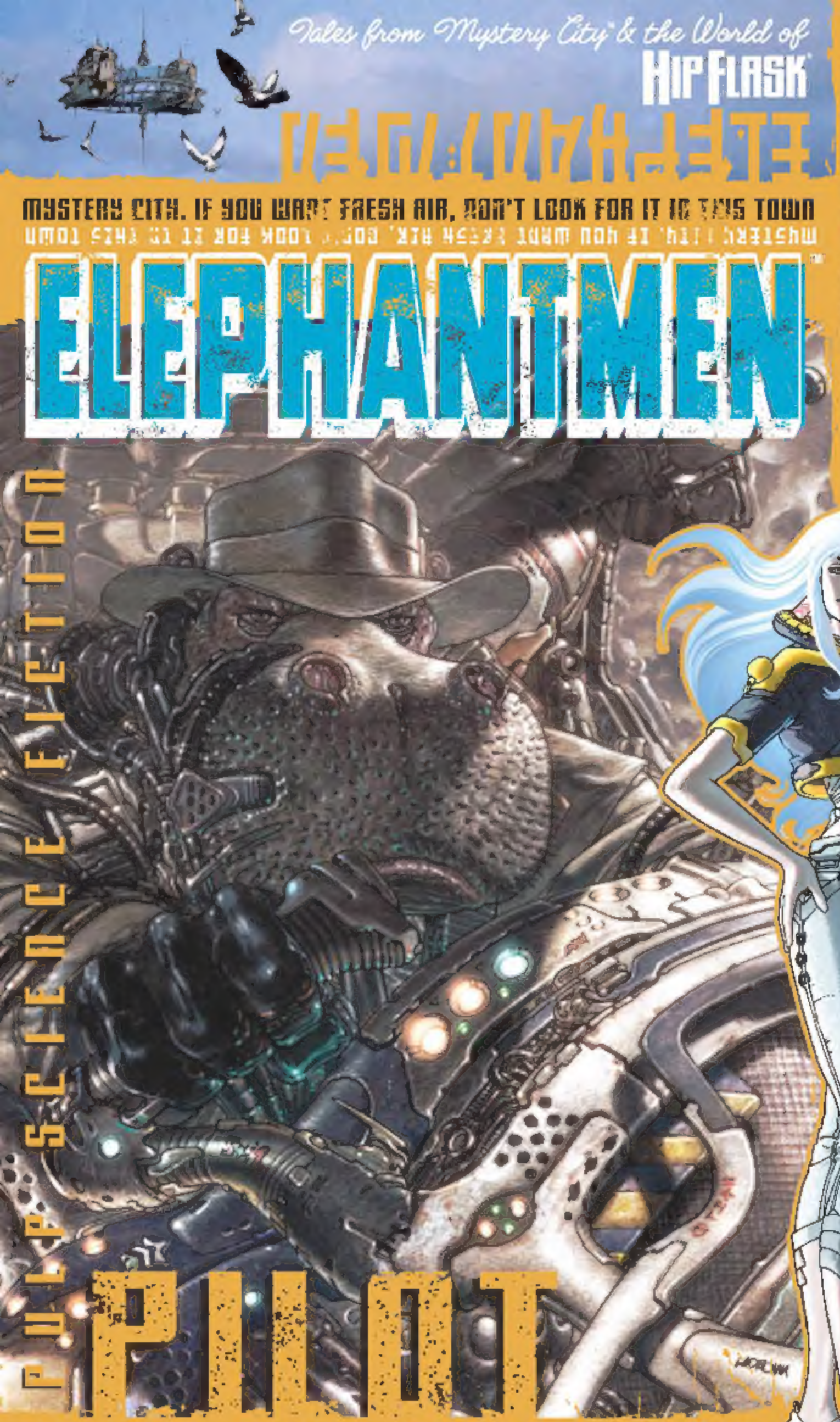
Tales from Mystery City® & the World of

HIP FLASK

MYSTERY CITY. IF YOU WANT FRESH AIR, DON'T LOOK FOR IT IN THIS TOWN

ELEPHANTMEN™



PULP SCIENCE

ISSUE 14

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www.shinybeasts.com

PRINT

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COMICS FULL OF BOOBS AND GUNS?! WHAT'S NOT TO LOVE?

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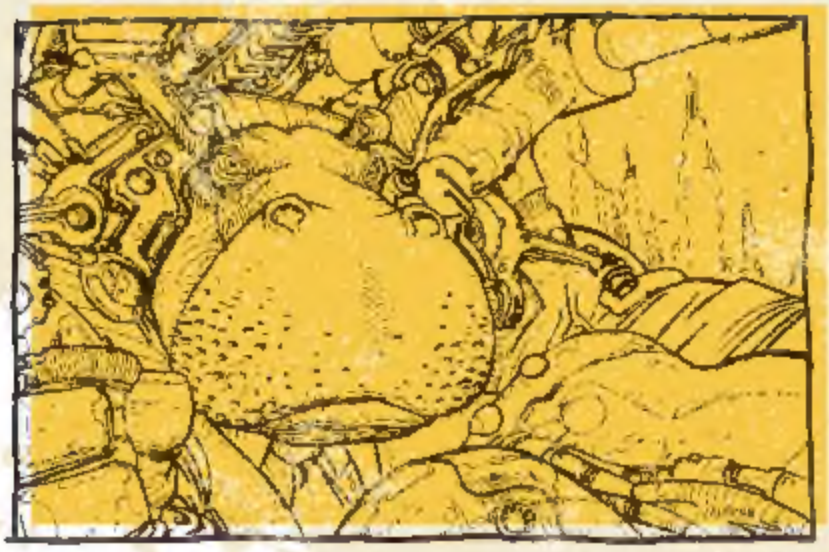
image

Tales from Mystery City & the World of

GLADERUNNER!

PERTINENT POINTS PERTAINING TO PILOTS, PIECES & PULCHRITUDE

Perhaps you're looking at the cover of this issue and you're thinking, "Okay, I know that a Zero issue is generally an origin story, I know that a Half issue is usually a teaser or prologue story... but what on Earth is a 'P' issue?!"



Fear not, we not only have an answer for you, we also have 44 pages of pulsating, power-packed potboilers and pinups by a panoply of premium pencil pushers and purveyors of purple prose! And if that's not already enough Ps for you, here's one more: Pilot.

Y'see, as many of you may already know, in television the first episode of a TV series is referred to as the Pilot. That episode is regarded as a test flight for a possible series and orders are placed by networks on the strength of that first flight. Twelve years ago, when HIP FLASK was little more than a mascot for the COMICRAFT line of comic book fonts (find 'em at comicbookfonts.com, natch!) I occasionally engaged artists I was working with to help me flesh out the character with a pinup here and a t-shirt design there. This was an extension of my working-for-Raisin-and-Biscuit-Yorkies phase. When I was but a humble art assistant at Marvel UK in London in the 80's, fellow editors would coax me to help them out with logos for their books by offering me bars of chocolate. The Raisin and Biscuit Yorkie was a favorite of mine at the time, and word got around -- Richard will work for chocolate. This is still true today, but in the mid 90's I had enough money to buy chocolate for myself... so if an old colleague like top cover artist Brian Bolland approached me for a selection of fonts, I bartered with him for a HIP FLASK t-shirt design in return. On occasion I even paid for artwork, but after a couple of years, other artists started asking me why I hadn't asked them to create a HIP FLASK pinup, and pretty soon I had more art than I knew what to do with... enough to fill a whole comic book even! However, as the HIP FLASK storyline started to take shape, it became clear to me that a lot of the artwork sitting in my drawer just didn't fit the dark, dystopian Pulp Science Fiction action/adventure scenario I was developing with Ladrönn. I think it's particularly interesting to note that, for some reason, don't ask me why, almost every artist who gave me a HIP FLASK pinup or portfolio piece, preferred to picture our particular pachyderm with a preponderance of pistols or pieces, and paired him with plucky and perky partners with prominent pudenda! Or, as Miki might say, "What's with all the Guns and Boobs?"

So what to do, we're nine issues into the ELEPHANTMEN story now, and some of our more fervent readers out there have visited the HIP FLASK website (www.hipflask.com) and want to know why they haven't seen Jae Lee's piece in print -- or you've seen Ian Churchill's strip in COMIC BOOK LETTERING THE COMICRAFT WAY (still on sale in all good comic book shops, bookstores or at amazon.com) but you want to see it in the pages of ELEPHANTMEN. Pax Pachyderm Proselytes! Here, finally, is pretty much all the HIP FLASK material you've heard or read about, including one or two pieces no one has seen before! This is the PILOT issue, if you will. The one where Captain Pike sits in the command chair of the Enterprise, Spock shows way too much emotion and Nurse Chapel has long dark hair and never cracks a smile. And, in Classic STAR TREK style, we've wrapped everything up in a special framing sequence featuring the lovely Miki with art by Moritat himself and a story of sorts by yours truly.

Kurt Busiek and Stuart Immonen, bless 'em, created the seven page story featured in this issue in exchange for COMICRAFT's work on the late, lamented GORILLA COMICS' website, and John JG Roshell's sterling design work on their SHOCKROCKETS title (still available in trade paperback form from those awfully nice chaps at DARK HORSE). Joe Kelly gave us Dungburgers in exchange for work on the MAN OF ACTION website (www.manofaction.tv) and our other contributors provided pinups and covers for a number of reasons which, quite honestly, I've completely forgotten. Special thanks to Jeph Loeb and Tim Sale, Peter Gross and Ryan Kelly for their work and a big HIP FLASK tip of the hat to my grate mate, Ian Churchill, whose awesome artwork and cheeky British enthusiasm brought a lot of power and majesty to both Hip Flask and Obadiah Horn when they were but a twinkle in my eye. There are some that might say that Ian has something of an an eye for guns and boobs too. Tt Tt Tt... Boys, boys, boys...

Rich!

ELEPHANTMEN

ACTIVE IMAGES

COMICRAFT SINCE 1992

JOHN 'JG' ROSHELL
Secret Weapon
RICHARD STARKINGS
President & First Tiger
CHINO MARTINEZ
Mahout

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DOWNTOWN LA · 2259

The

PILOT

BY MARITAT AND STARKINGS

UHHH... NUTHIN'...

I WAS, ER, JUST LOOKING AT COMICS ON THE SLATE.

TT-TT-TT BOYS, BOYS, BOYS...

ALWAYS LOOKING AT SOMETHING *OTHER* THAN YOU SHOULD BE...

WOO — IT IS *HOT* OUT THERE TODAY. *EARTHQUAKE* WEATHER IF YOU ASK ME...

SO WHERE'S MY TEE...?

AHHH...

OH YEAH! NOTHING LIKE A SHIRT STRAIGHT OUT OF THE FREEZER.

NOW THEN...

WHY DON'T YOU SHOW ME WHAT *YOU* GOT, TINY...?

UH...

OOOH — ELEPHANTFAN COM-X...

"ACTION! SUSPENSE... ARTERIO-AR...TIO... DACTYLS"?!?

IT MUST BE AN IN-JOKE...

COMIC BOOK SECTION

The VICTORY of SAMMY THRACE

ACTION! Suspense! ARTIODACTYLS!

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A PLACE CALLED MYSTERY CITY...

...THERE LIVED A YOUNG BOY NAMED SAMMY, WHO LIKED TO BUILD THINGS.

HOP

ROOMS to LET

IMMONEN BARBER SHOP

BUSIEK ARMS

CREATED BY RICHARD STARKINGS

WRIGHT WRULES!

IF YOU ARE READING THIS ONLINE, HELP US OUT AND PAYPAL $10 TO ELEPHANTFAN@SHINYBEASTS.COM

SAMMY HAD NO FAMILY, NO FRIENDS...

...BUT WHEN HE WAS SEVEN, HE BUILT A TOY CAR OUT OF METAL SCRAPS AND MELTED-DOWN CRAYONS.

HE FOUND THE EQUIPMENT HE USED IN TRASH CANS AND DUMPS. WHEN HE WAS EIGHT, HE FOUND A RUSTY ERECTOR SET AND SOME OLD RADIOS...

AND WHEN HE WAS TEN...

... HE BUILT HIS FIRST ROBOT.

BUT THE OTHER KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD THOUGHT HE WAS WEIRD, AND DIDN'T LIKE HIS GADGETS. EVERY NOW AND THEN...

...THEY'D LET HIM KNOW.

WAK KAK BUD

IT'S CATASTROPHIC, FLASK -- CATASTROPHIC! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE -- AND SOON!

SAMMY NEVER SAID ANYTHING, THOUGH.

HE JUST WAITED UNTIL THEY WERE GONE... AND KEPT BUILDING THINGS.

THIS DARING *CAT-BURGLAR* THAT'S RAIDING THE CITY IS MAKING THE POLICE LOOK LIKE *FOOLS*, FLASK.

THAT'S WHY THE *INFORMATION AGENCY'S* BEEN BROUGHT IN -- AND THAT'S WHY I'M ASSIGNING *YOU* TO THE JOB!

THE BURGLAR'S PATTERN INDICATES HIS NEXT *TARGET* WILL BE THE MILLIONAIRE *LEOPOLD N. LOEB*...

...AND WE *CAN'T* LET THAT HAPPEN! *CATCH* HIM, FLASK, OR YOUR ASS IS *GRASS* -- AND *I'M* THE HERBIVORE!

KEEP YER *STRIPES* ON, TRENCH.

I'LL STAKE THE PLACE OUT. AND I'LL GET 'IM... *COUNT* ON IT.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

YAHH!

LOOKIT THE *FREAK* -- LOOK WHAT THE *FREAK'S* MAKIN'!

GONNA BREAK YER *NECK*, FREAK!

AN' ABOUT *TIME*, TOO!

BUT THEN...

KRASSH

APOLOGIES, MY DEAR OLD RIVER-HORSE --

-- BUT LOEB'S HEIRLOOMS, GEW-GAWS AND LOOSE CASH ARE *MINE* NOW -- AND I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN *DO* ABOUT IT!

"FAMILY" JULES!

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!

UHHH!

AND THEN AGAIN -- MAYBE I *WON'T!*

BUT THE INFORMATION AGENT CAST AROUND, LOOKING FOR A WAY TO FOLLOW, AND...

HEY! HEY, *KID!*

THAT CONTRAPTION'S *YOURS* -- RIGHT, KID?

HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A *RIDE?* WHADDYA SAY?

C'MON, *START* 'ER UP! FOLLOW THAT *BIRD!*

WHAT'RE YOU *WAITIN'* FOR? LET'S *GO!*

AND...

ALL RIGHT! GOOD FOR *YOU,* KID!

AH, ONE LAST TH NG BEFORE WE GO, THOUGH. THIS THING -- IT DOES *WORK,* RIGHT? *RIGHT?* IT REALLY CAN --

--FLAAAAAAAAAA A A

OH. WELL, OKAY. THAT'S *BETTER.*

POUR T ON, KID -- AN' DON'T SPARE THE *PEDALS!* WE GOT US A *BIRD* NEEDS TO BE *IN HAND,* SEE?

AND, SOME DISTANCE AHEAD...

HEH-HEH! ALL IT REQUIRES IS A DAY NO *HELIO-ROTORS* ARE ABOUT -- AND WHILE *POSSESSION* MAY BE *NINE-TENTHS* OF THE LAW --

-- IT'S *100% OF LARCENY!*

AH, THE *LOOK* ON HIP FLASK'S...

HEY! HEY, JULES!

WAARK?!

WHAT IN...?

MISSED YOU BACK THERE, BUDDY -- BUT MY PAL HERE GAVE ME A *LIFT!*

AN' I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE AN OLD FRIEND *STRANDED,* SO...

...GOING MY WAY?!

AWRK! NO... NO!

WHUMP

N YOU GO, JULIUS.

AND THANKS, FLASK.

NO SWEAT, BRUNO. BUT I'LL TELL YOU...

...I COULDN'T'A DONE IT WITHOUT THE *KID* HERE! HIM AN' HIS CONTRAPTION -- THEY'RE THE *REAL* HEROES HERE!

GOWAN, NEWSHAWKS -- GET A *PIC!*

SAMMY GOT HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER, AND A *REWARD* FROM MR. LOEB.

...formation Agent

...Samuel Thruce ...reste ...venue in the ...section of Mystery City ...arked Information Agent ...mous P Flask in the ...ension of Julius ...n Byrd, a.k.a "Pandy," the notorious burglar that had plaguing Mystery City's ghost, of late Carson Byrd had just burglarized ...e home of local financier philanthropist and polo aficionado Leopold V. Loeb, and was escaping by air pursued over the rooftops by Agent Flask. Further pursuit would have ...been however, due to ...carrying ...out ...for ...

Samuel K. Thruce ...youthful inventor ...ornithopter young Thruce had ...on the ornithopter's ...recovery of the ...

AND IF YOU THINK THAT WOULD *IMPRESS* THE OTHER KIDS, MAKE THEM *REASSESS* SAMMY.

YOU'D BE SADLY MISTAKEN.

YAHH!

THIS IS WHAT WE THINK A' YOU, FREAK! AND YOJR DJMB MACHINES, AN' YOUR TRYIN' TA BE A BIGSHOT!

NOTHING HAD CHANGED.

SAMMY HAD NO FAM LY, NO FRIENDS. AND THE OTHER KIDS THOLGHT HE WAS WEIRD, AND DIDN'T LIKE HIS GADGETS.

BUT SAMMY NEVER SAID ANYTHING.

Reward

HE JUST WAITED UNTIL THEY WERE GONE...

...AND KEPT BUILDING THINGS.

The END

SO WHAT'S ALL THIS, TINY...

CHECKING UP ON MY NEW *FELLA?*

THEY'RE JUST *COMICS...*

I, UH, *LIKE* COMICS...

HIP FLASK IS YOUR NEW FELLA?

BUT THAT'S ALL *BEE-ESS...* THERE *AREN'T* ANY ELEPHANTMEN-MONKEYS, OR *VULTUREMEN* FOR THAT MATTER...

AND HIP'S WAY BIGGER — UM, *TALLER* THAN THAT.

THEY'RE *MADE UP* STORIES, MIKI, LOOK AT THIS ONE, HIP FLASK IN OUTER SPACE...

PING

PING PING

PING PING PING PIN

SQURSSHT

CH-SHAKT

NGPINGPINGPING!

I figured out the secret of the universe.

Day FOUR of THIRTY into my exploration of "planet nowhere," UNIVERSAL TRUTH hit me like a Bouncer's left when your hungry right trips too far up the stripper's middle.

"Stay home and don't ask questions."

That's it. Sloth and Ignorance and Bliss, all from your favorite chair. Ya-hoo, get me a beanie and let's start a religion...

Instead of baptising myself in the shower, I'm barely treading water for some liquid cash and all of the carnivorous salad that can eat me.

And WHY, you may ask, is a bon vivant like myself mucking about with lower life forms a light-month away from home?

PROGRESS.

PLANET OF THE UNGULATES

JOE KELLY STORY
PETER GROSS BREAKDOWNS
RYAN KELLY FINISHES

JG ROSHELL LETTERING · NICOLAS CHAPUIS COLORS · RICHARD STARKINGS MISSION COMMANDER

Least, that's what it says on my paycheck.

WE'RE NOT IMPRESSED.

TAKE IT UP WITH THE GUY *UPSTAIRS.* I JUST CATCH 'EM, BOSS. I D DN'T *MAKE* 'EM.

LOWER INVERTEBRATES. AMBI-FLORA. NOTHING *SENTIENT.*

THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME.

PULL THE PLUG. SO WHAT F THE *AGENCY TERRAFORMING AUTHORITY* REQUIRES A DETA LED ACCOUNTING OF A PLANET S ECOSYSTEM BEFORE IT S DEMOL SHED?

SO WHAT F YOU'RE GOING TO SCRAPE OFF THE OUTER CRUST OF AN ENT RE PLANET FOR --

-- WHAT *ARE* YOU BUILD NG HERE, ANYWAY?

THAT'S CLASSIFIED.

PAL, I ST LL GOT THREE WEEKS ON TH S *DUMP!* GIMMIE *SOMETHIN'!*

YOU SCRAPE THE CRUST FOR *GEOTHERMALS* TO POWER... WHAT?

I-- ALRIGHT, BUT YOU CANNOT TELL A SOUL.

COVER YER EARS, FISH.

WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?

WE'RE BUILDING A *POST CONSUMPTIVE DIETETIC REPROCESSING* FACTORY ON THE SITE.

BIGGEST ONE OF ALL TIME. WE'RE REALLY QUITE PROUD --

P.C.D.'S? *DUNG* BURGERS?

YOU RE TURN NG A PLANET NTO A DUNG BURGER FACTORY.

WHAT IF I *DO* F ND EVIDENCE OF INTELLIGENT L FE?

NOT THAT I M LOOKING TO GIVE *MY* L FE MEANING...

...

REPORT IF YOU FIND ANYTHING.

P.C.D. is reprocessed biological waste that's been turned into any number of culinary nightmares.

It is, perhaps, the ultimate expression of my life up to this point.

But I make the BEST of it every time. Eat it up, YUM, PLEASE may I have another...

Sometimes, it even tastes GOOD --

GONNA DO GREAT, BOSS. AN *IMPORTANT* MAMMAL FOR AN *IMPORTANT* JOB.

MAYBE THEY'LL NAME A *CITY* AFTER YOU? *HUH?*

YEAH. *THANKS,* SATIN.

Born under a bad sign. Cross-bred. Beaten. Spit upon. Hated by humanity and reviled by the animal kingdom...

-- 'Til you remember it's still CRAP.

Sometimes there just ain't enough CHOCOLATE SYRUP.

RRMMMBLE

Twenty One days. My world caves in, literally.

FLASK? COME IN, AGENT FLASK.

WE'VE LOST HIM. I'M NOT PICKING UP LIFE SIGNS -- I KNOW THAT HIS MONITOR COULD BE DAMAGED, BUT --

..

AND YOU WOULD RATHER I SENT A MAN UP THERE?

WITH **RESPECT** SIR, I'M NOT RISKING A **HUMAN** LIFE FOR THIS OP. FLASK TESTED WELL ON PRELIMINARIES --

YES, WELL, I MIGHT REMIND **YOU, SIR,** THAT **"COW"** COSTS A **THIRD** OF WHAT A HUMAN WOULD AND REQUIRES **NO INSURANCE.** HE'S EXPENDABLE --

KAFF

FLASK?

No. No "dead Cows" here.

I'm not giving you the goddamn satisfaction.

THE TRANSPORT IS TOUCHING DOWN IN THREE HOURS.

IT'S DAY 28. YOU PAID ME FOR A 30 DAY RECON.

I'M NOT *LEAVING.*

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

HOW MUCH I LOVE DUNG-BURGERS?

THE P.C.D. PROJECT HAS BEEN SHUT DOWN.

SOMEONE *FOUND* SOMETHIN ?

,S IT GOOD NEWS FOR *ME?*

YEAH, "SOMETHIN." THE AGENCY HAS QUARANTINED THE PLANET. NO CONSTRUCTION. NO TERRAFORMING. ALL EMPLOYEES TO LEAVE *IMMEDIATELY.*

SO I ALMOST *BIT IT* FOR --

YOU'LL BE PAID THE EXTRA DAYS. AND A *COMPLETION BONUS* --

BUT --

WHAT ARE YOU *BITCHING* ABOUT? YOU GET PAID *AND* YOUR LITTLE *FOREST FRIENDS* GET TO LIVE OUT THEIR DAYS WITHOUT THE STINK OF *HUMANITY* ALL OVER THEM.

ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?

TIK

TAK

SURE... TASTES LIKE *CHOCOLATE.*

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

ME? NOTHIN ...

GUESS... ALL THAT TIME ALONE...

I STARTED GOIN' *NATIVE.*

WARM ME UP A FEW *BURGERS* FOR THE RIDE HOME. GOTTA WASH THE TASTE OF THIS PLACE OUTTA MY MOUTH.

THERE'S NO *GOOD NEWS* FOR ME HERE.

END

SO PEOPLE JUST DREAM UP STORIES ABOUT THE ELEPHANTMEN AND PUT THEM ON THE SLATE?

TOO COOL! SHOW ME ANOTHER ONE...

UH... THIS ONE'S MY FAVORITE...

THE ARTWORK IS AWESOME

PEOPLE STILL DRAW THIS STUFF?

ISN'T IT ALL DONE BY ROBOTS?

RIVER HORSE COMICS

HIP FLASK®

GLADE RUNNER 4 OF 4

$10.00 US
$12.00 CAN

GLADE RUNNER™

MORE HIPPO THAN HUMAN!

LOEB • CHURCHILL • LIQUID! • BOLLAND

Mystery City. If you want fresh air, don't look for it in this town. Even the seagulls wear respirators.

I get $75 dollars a day, plus expenses. $500 up front. No guarantees. And all the apples I can eat.

The way the Gent who hired me holds on to a dollar, you'd think they weren't printing them anymore.

Right about now, the meter's running.

DROP. OR I DROP YOU.

MY, MY, SUCH A LOT OF *GUNS* AROUND TOWN AND SO FEW *BRAINS.*

My... associate is none other than MISS SATIN FINISH.

The kind of woman who orders a Bourbon straight...

...with a Bourbon chaser.

SCHWAP

MRROW!

SHOOSH

ZIP IT AND STEP ON IT, BUD!

FOLLOW THAT CAR!

PTOW PTOW PTOW

MAMA MIA!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

I'VE MET A LOT OF HARD BOILED EGGS IN MY TIME, FLASK, BUT *YOU* --

-- YOU'RE *TWENTY MINUTES.*

DOESN'T YOUR NOSE GET *SORE*, SATIN--

-- *STICKING* IT INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS ALL THE TIME?

BLAM

PTCHUNK

BE *SMART*, CHARLIE. ACT *DUMB*.

:Gasp!

SPLUB

FLASK...

FLASK?

Listen. This won't do any good. You'll never understand me, but I'll try once and then give up.

When a man's Partner's killed, he's supposed to Do something about it. It doesn't make any difference what you thought of him. He was your Partner and you're supposed to Do something about it.

That's Life. Whichever way you turn, Fate sticks out a foot to trip you.

CHUK CHUK CHUK

CHUK CHUK CHCHUK

YOU KNOW, FLASK... *NOW* WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO IMPLEMENT YOUR PLAN...

THAT *WAS* MY PLAN.

Oh.

Y'know, in my line of work, you don't make friends, you make excuses.

With one exception.

EMERALD DAWN — Good Girl Cab Driver.

WHERE IS HE, JOE? WHERE IS *MY* HIERONYMOUS? HE WAS HERE YESTERDAY, RIGHT?

NO ONE CAN LIVE IN THE PAST, EMMA. YESTERDAY IS YESTERDAY, TOMORROW IS TOMORROW.

YOU LEFT OUT TODAY.

TODAY IS ALREADY YESTERDAY.

A *NAME*, JOE.

HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOIN' AFTER HORN.

DOWN IN THE CANALS.

HORN...?

YOU'D BETTER BE ON THE UP AND UP WITH ME, JOE.

'CAUSE WHEN I COME BACK HERE --

-- IF THOSE CIGARETTES HAVEN'T KILLED YOU --

-- *I WILL.*

JUNGLE TO THE ZOO: IVORY TOWERS PART 4 OF 4

HIP FLASK RUNNER

RICHARD ALAN PLOT

JEPH LOEB SCRIPT

IAN CHURCHILL ART

DESCHESNE LETTERS

LIQUID! COLORS

BOLLAND & BUCCE COVER

Special Thanks to: TIM SALE & YOUSHKA

Shiny BEASTS

If you stop reading this online, help us out and pay $1! to virchanian@shinybeasts.com

He has a Passion for Obscurity. He doesn't want to let his Left Hand to know whose pocket the Right one is picking.

Ruthless. He'd stab Himself in the back if he thought it would help Him get ahead.

He is OBADIAH HORN.

MISTER FLASK. I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT. I DISTRUST A CLOSE-MOUTHED MAN.

HE GENERALLY PICKS THE WRONG TIME TO TALK AND SAYS THE WRONG THINGS.

TALKING IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T DO JUDICIOUSLY UNLESS YOU KEEP IN PRACTICE

COME, COME, MISTER FLASK. WHO IS IT GOING TO BE, YOU OR MISS SATIN FINISH?

MY MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT IF YOU LOOK DEEP ENOUGH INSIDE A PERSON, YOU WOULD ALWAYS FIND SOME INTELLIGENCE--

-- BUT I AM UNCERTAIN AS TO HOW THAT APPLIES TO YOU.

WITH APOLOGIES TO YOUR MOTHER, HORN. THAT'S THE SECOND MISTAKE SHE'S MADE

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, FLASK, IS YOU'RE ROCK BOTTOM. I WOULDN'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THIS --

-- BUT IT'S A GREAT COMFORT FOR A GIRL TO KNOW SHE CAN'T SINK ANY LOWER.

SATIN. I DON'T MIND IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY MANNERS

I DON'T LIKE THEM MYSELF

THEY'RE PRETTY BAD.

I GRIEVE OVER THEM ON LONG WINTER EVENINGS

WHAP!

KNOCK!

LOOK. ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO TALK.

AND ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO TAKE A BEATING.

THAT MEANS ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO TAKE A BEATING FOR NOTHING.

I ALWAYS HEARD YOU HAD SOME KIND OF TALENT, FLASK

THAT WAS LAST YEAR. THIS YEAR I'M TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING.

I'VE GOT A LITTLE ROOM UPSTAIRS THAT'S TOO SMALL FOR YOU TO FALL DOWN IN, FLASK

I CAN BOUNCE YOU AROUND OFF THE WALLS, THAT WAY WE WON'T BE WASTING A LOT OF TIME WHILE YOU GET UP OFF THE FLOOR.

THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO PLAY IT

WHY NOT?

'CAUSE IT ISN'T THE WAY TO WIN.

IS THERE A WAY TO WIN?

WELL, THERE'S A WAY TO LOSE MORE SLOWLY

TEK

AND AS FOR YOU, MY DEAR, NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL *DRESSED* FOR DINNER --

-- IT WOULD BE QUITE RUDE TO KEEP THE OTHERS WAITING

HORN! LET HER GO. I INSIST --

FLASK, WOULD YOU CARE TO *REPHRASE* THAT?

YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT YOU ARE NOT IN A POSITION TO INSIST UPON *ANYTHING*.

SNAP

SNAP!

MMMMMM

SNAK!

ONE LAST TIME.

WHO SENT YOU.

YOU EXPECT US TO *TALK*?!

NO, MISTER FLASK...

...I EXPECT YOU TO *DIE*!

EEEEEE

To Be Continued!

WELL, OF COURSE THAT'S YOUR FAVORITE, IT'S ALL *GUNS* AND *BOOBS*, ISN'T IT?

HEY, I HOPE YOU NOTICED THAT THE CAB DRIVER'S ON HER WAY TO MAKE THE RESCUE — AT LEAST THEY GOT *THAT* RIGHT!

BUT *HIP* VERSUS *OBADIAH HORN*, NOW THAT I'D LIKE TO—

THAT...

...THAT WAS *NOT* AN EARTHQUAKE... WAS IT?

QUICK — TURN TO THE NEWS...

LIFE CAMERAS ARE ON SCENE AT THE METEOR CRASHSITE IN SANTA MONICA BAY –

NO NEWS ON FATALITIES JUST YET BUT WE ARE SEEING A CLEARER PICTURE ON WHAT HIT THE BEACH JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO...

OUR REMOTES AT THE BEACH ARE BRINGING US SOME DISTURBING PICTURES...

TINY, LOOK—

THAT'S HIP!

To Be Continued!

NEXT ISSUE:

UNICORN

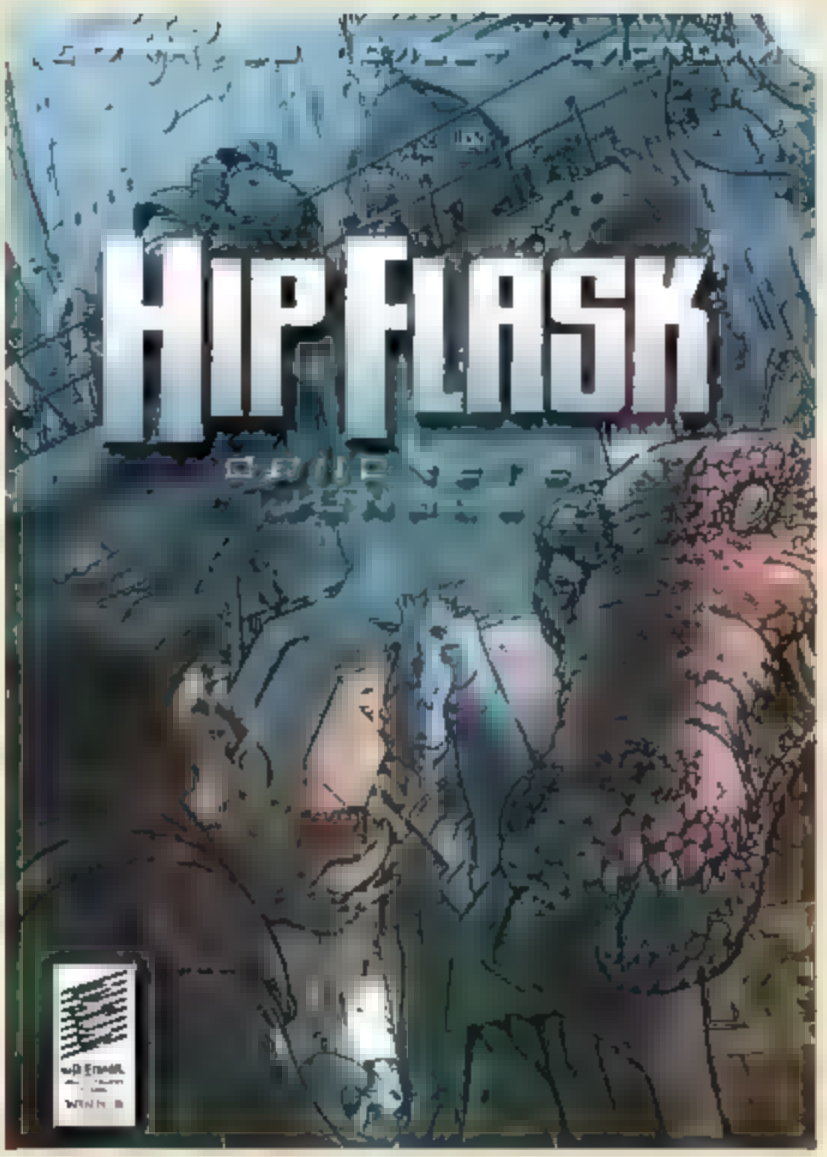
UNDERNEATH A VENEER OF SUCCESS AND CELEBRITY, OBADIAH HORN BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE MORE ANIMAL THAN MAN.

FORCED TO HIDE THIS SIDE OF HIMSELF FROM HIS HUMAN CONSORT, SAHARA, HE IS NEVERTHELESS AWARE THAT SHE IS THE ONLY ONE THAT UNDERSTANDS THE WAR THAT RAGES INSIDE HIM AND CAN PERHAPS SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF. BUT IN ALL WARS, THERE MUST BE CASUALTIES.

FLIP COVER: LADRÖNN 1:1 SNAKEBITE!

IN ALL GOOD COMIC BOOK STORES JUNE 2007

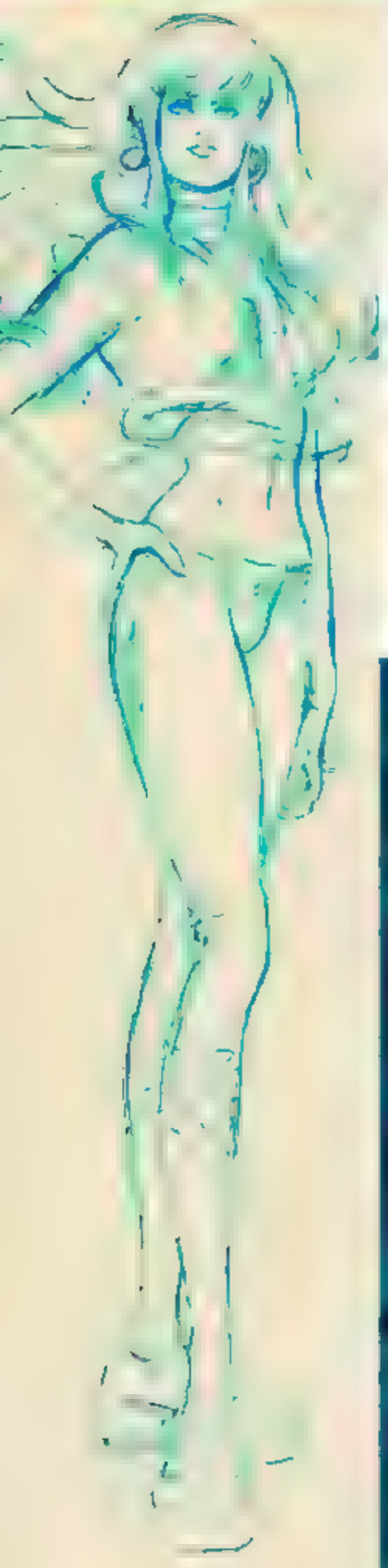
ISBN #1-58240-594-1 · DIAMOND #JAN071527



ISBN #1-58240-678-6 · DIAMOND #NOV058288

COVER STORIES

When Jadrönn started work on HIP FLASK in the year (not the comic) 2000AD, the first thing he did was create a number of concept drawings and figure sketches based on the story direction we were discussing. While I was tossing around ideas for cover designs, I grabbed the three most finished drawings I had from Jadrönn at the time and threw them together with some abandoned cover graphics. I had submitted to Joe Quesada for his old company EVENT COMICS. The cover you see on the flipside of this issue is pretty much the same as the one I threw together seven years ago, albeit with a little extra polish provided by Jadrönn and Comicraft's Secret Weapon, JG. The cover within a cover on the other flipside of this issue is the second version of a piece Intrepid Ian Churchill created for a poster we published in 1997 to promote our ever-growing line of fonts. Also featured here is the original HIP FLASK cover mock-up which I intended to submit to Image Comics in 1999, when I had tentatively agreed to work on the series with me. See if you can actually find the Image logo!



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WANT SYMPATHY? THE BARMAN HAS A SHOT WAITING.
WANT ATTITUDE WITH SIX SHOTS?
HIPFLASK
Private Hippopotamus

Chin Chin

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By Jim Lee, Troy Nubbs & Wildstorm FX

by Joe Madureira, Tim Townsend & Chris Lichtner

Spawn: Blood Feud

by Greg Capullo & Gregory Wright

by J Scott Campbell, Tim Townsend & Digital Chameleon

Chiny Chiny Chin

Commander Flask

by Christian Gossett vs Snakebite!

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